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FROM

The Publishers.

MUSIC LIBRARY

To the Reform Clubs and Friends of Temperance.

TEMPERANCE REVIVAL SONGS.

BY

C. A. WHITE and J. F. COLES.

BOSTON:

WHITE, SMITH & COMPANY,

516 WASHINGTON STREET.

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Trms 567.12

DEZ-1992

"HELP DRIVE THE WEDGE."

A TEMPERANCE QUARTET.

By C. A. White,
Author of "Moonlight on the Lake," &c.

Solo. Chorus. Solo. Chorus.

Come, join the temp'rance band, Come, one and all; Help drive from out the land King Al- co - hol.
Throw out the Ban-ners wide, See now they come, Swell - ing our sol - id ranks From ev'- ry home.
Jus - tice aud right to all, Come, join the band; Help those who've had a fall, Come join the band.

Come one and all, King Al - co - hol.

Solo. Chorus. Solo. Chorus.

Both old and young now come, Come, sign the pledge; Temp'rance has got a start, Help drive the wedge.
Car - ry the blessed news All o'er the land, Plead with them now to come And join our band.
Strike while the i - ron's hot, Strike, one and all, Help drive from out the land King Al - co - hol.

Come, sign the pledge; Help drive the wedge.

Will you come, will you come, Will you come now and join the temp'rance band?

will you come, will you come, Will you come now and join the temp'rance band?

Repeat pp.

Will you help, will you help, Will you help drive the curse from the land?

will you help, will you help, Will you help drive the curse from the land?

TEMPERANCE HYMN. (Quartet.)

Dedicated to Chas. Bickford, Esq., Lancaster, Pa.

Words and music by Louis C. Elson.

1. Oh, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Hear Thou our call - ing! Help us to res - cue Those who are fall - ing; Bless our en - deav - or, Strength-en us e - ver, Oh, may we ne - ver Yield un - to the foe.

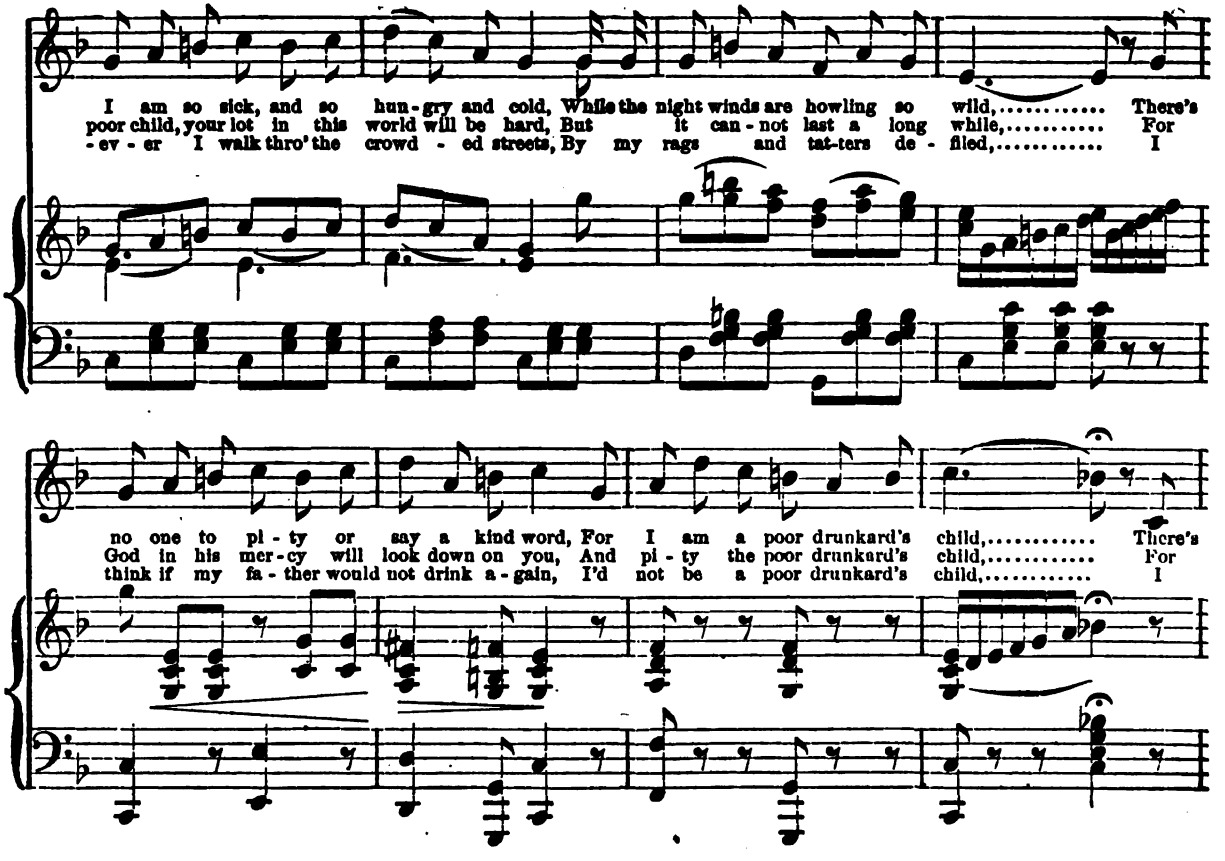
2. Help Thou the drunk - ard, Strike off his fet - ter, Oh, make his path - way Pur - er and bet - ter. Bless Thou our reap - ing, Hold in thy keep - ing Those who are weep - ing Through the wine - cup's pow'r.

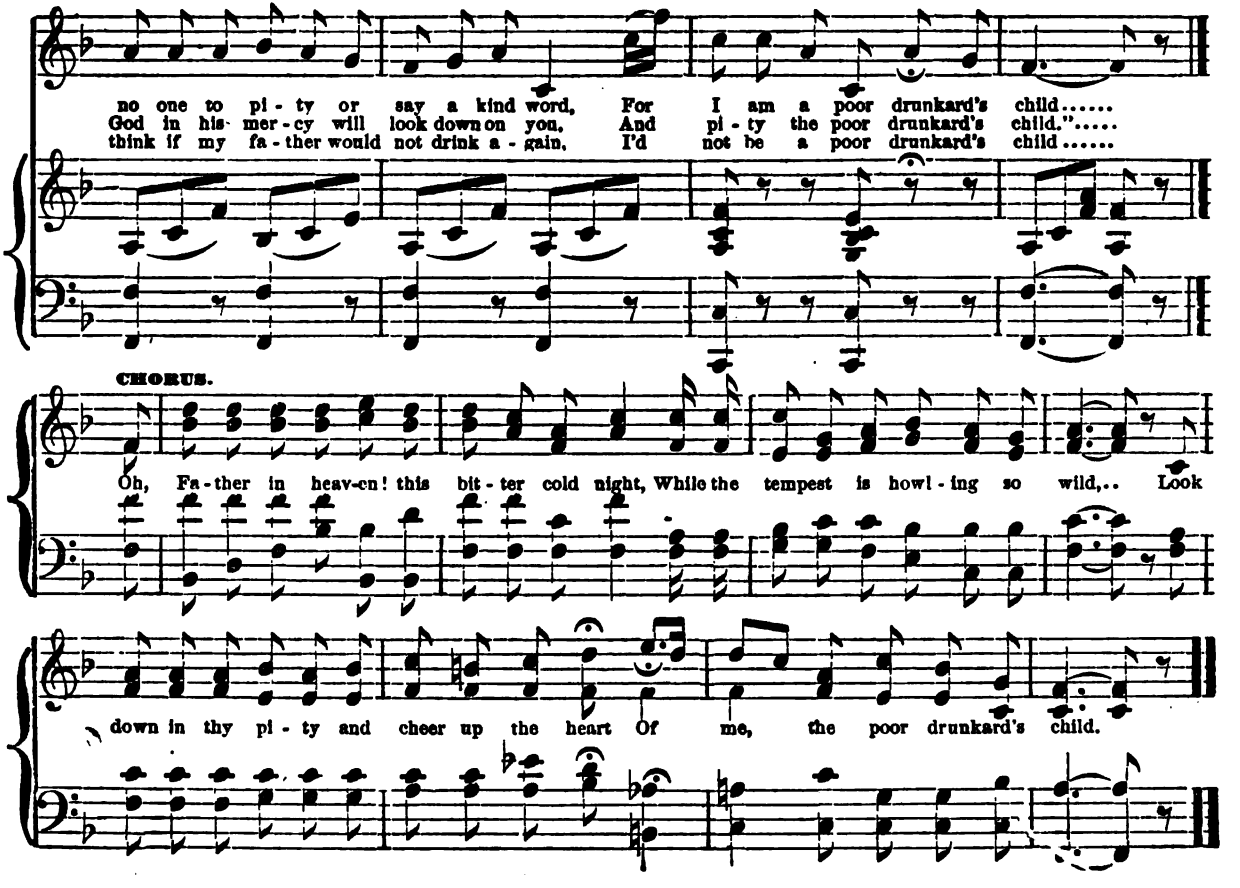
THE POOR DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Words by Geo. Lowell Austin. Music by C. A. White.

1. Oh fa - ther, dear fa - ther, don't leave me to - night, I'm sick and I'm freezing with - in..... The
2. One year to - night my poor moth-er died, While fa - ther lay drunk on the floor, ... I
3. And so I've been praying and pray-ing in vain, I've suf-fered, heart-broken, al - most;..... When

house is so lonesome, and drea - ry and dark, For fa - ther's drinking a - gain:..... Oh,
ne'er shall for - get the kind words that she said, Should I live my life o'er and o'er..... "My
fa - ther comes home, it is al - ways to scold, But I love him tho' hope is lost..... When -


I am so sick, and so hun-gry and cold, While the night winds are howling so wild,..... There's
poor child, your lot in this world will be hard, But it can-not last a long while,..... For
-ev-er I walk thro' the crowd-ed streets, By my rags and tat-ters de-filed,..... I
no one to pi-ty or say a kind word, For I am a poor drunkard's child,..... There's
God in his mer-cy will look down on you, And pi-ty the poor drunkard's child,..... For
think if my fa-ther would not drink a-gain, I'd not be a poor drunkard's child,..... I


no one to pi - ty or say a kind word, For I am a poor drunkard's child.....
God in his mer - cy will look down on you, And pi - ty the poor drunkard's child."....
think if my fa - ther would not drink a - gain, I'd not be a poor drunkard's child.....
CHORUS.
Oh, Fa - ther in heav-en! this bit - ter cold night, While the tempest is howl - ing so wild,.. Look
down in thy pi - ty and cheer up the heart Of me, the poor drunkard's child.

Words, J. F. C.

JOHNNY, WILL YOU SIGN TO-NIGHT? Rallying Chorus.

HENRY HART.

Solo. Chorus. Solo.

1. The wind is fair and the tide runs free, Oh, John-ny will you sign to-night? Our bark is launched and
All hands a-board, and each man to his post, Oh, John-ny will you sign to-night? And sail a-way to the
2. All hands a-hoy! pipe fore and aft, Oh, John-ny will you sign to-night? On board this new tce-
Come one, come all, good men and true, Oh, John-ny will you sign to-night? And join at once our
3. Oh let us not our voy-age de-lay, Oh, John-ny will you sign to-night? But hoist the an-chor and
With rocks and shoals up-on our lee, Oh, John-ny will you sign to-night? We'll glide a-way o'er the

Chorus. Cho.

now for sea,
gold-en coast,
to-tal craft,
temp'rance crew,
sail a-way,
shin-ing sea,

Oh, Johnny will you sign to-night? Oh hear the news, hear the news,

Repeat Chorus.

hear the news, For Johnny is coming, Hear the news, hear the news, For Johnny's going to sign to-night.

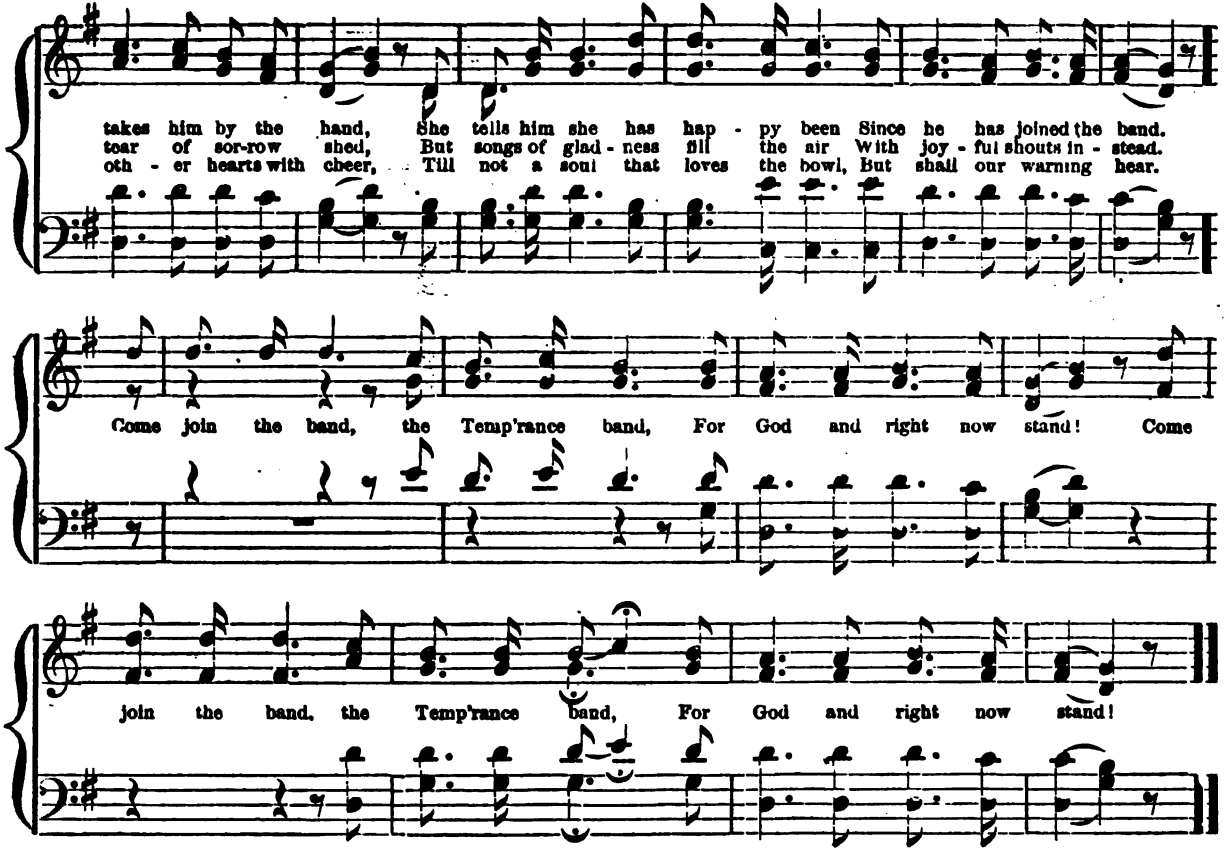
"AS WE GATHER AROUND THE HEARTH."

Words by JOHN F. COLES.

1. The dear old home is bright once more, For Temp'rance reigns su - preme; And as we gath - er
2. As shone the sun in days of yore With - in a cloudless sky, So shines it now on
3. Oh what a hap - py sight is this! Con - tent - ment on each face, As gathered 'round the

'round the hearth, The past seems like a dream. Our fa - ther, he has signed the pledge, He'll
our dear home, The storm has passed us by. For fa - ther dear has signed the pledge, He'll
cheer - ful board, We see no va - cant place. For fa - ther dear has signed the pledge, He'll

drink no more, no nev - er, nev - er. Poor moth - er's face seems sweet with smiles, She
drink no more, no nev - er, nev - er. No voice of mourn-ing now is heard, No
drink no more, no nev - er, nev - er. To oth - er homes we'll take the pledge, Fill


takes him by the hand, She tells him she has hap - py been Since he has joined the band.
tear of sor-row shed, But songs of glad - ness fill the air With joy - ful shouts in - stead.
oth - er hearts with cheer, Till not a soul that loves the bowl, But shall our warning hear.
Come join the band, the Temp'rance band, For God and right now stand! Come
join the band, the Temp'rance band, For God and right now stand!

TRY AND WIN THEM BACK.

Words by JOHN F. COLES. Music by C. A. W.

Come, O come! Come drink from the clear and crys-tal spring, Come, O come, The sparkling wa - ters

FINE.

bring. 1. Come drink from the crys - tal spring, It lifts its
2. Come drink from the bub - bling rill, As down the
3. Come drink from the spark - ling fount, Its wa - ters
4. Come boys, and stand up for the right, And join in our

Come drink with me, from crys-tal spring,

head from peb - bly bed; There the
hill it gur - gles still; Not a -
sweet, with health re - plete; Not a
song your voi - ces to - night; For we

It lifts its head from peb - bly bed.

lark in joy dips his wings, And then - doth
fraid now to drink your fill, From gush - ing
fire that the brain doth mount, From wa - ters
know that in truth there is might, Oh then sign the

The lark in joy there dips his wing,

D.C.

sing of crys - tal spring.
fount, from bub - bling rill.
drank from crys - tal fount.
pledge, and stand for the Right.

D.C.

And then doth sing of crys - tal spring, of crys - tal spring.

"ONE GLASS MORE."

ROSELINDA.

1. Stay, fa - ther, stay, nor heed'less rush! Be - seeching thee I kneel; With - in that cup there lurks a curse, Which
2. Go view the pris - on's gloomy cells, Their pal - lid tenants scan; Go, gaze up - on these earth-ly hells, And
3. Be - hold that wretch - ed fe - male form, An out - cast from her home, Bleached in af - flic - tion's blighting storms, And
4. Stay, fa - ther, stay, re - pent, re - turn! Re - flect up - on thy fate! The poisonous draught in - dig - nant spurn, Spurn,

all who drink may feel. Dis - ease and death for - ev - er nigh, Stand rea - dy at the
ask whence they be - gan. Had these a tongue, oh man thy cheek The answer'd crim - son
doomed in want to roam, Go ask her lit - tle child so dear, Why moth - er is so
spurn it ere too late. Oh, fly the ale - house's hor - rid din, Nor lin - ger at the

door, And ea - ger wait to hear the cry, Oh give me one glass more. Stay, fa - ther
o'er; Had they a tongue they'd to thee speak, And cry the one glass more. Stay, fa - ther
poor; She'll whis - per in thy listening ear, 'Twas fa - ther's one glass more. Stay, fa - ther
door, Lest thou perchance should sip a - gain The treacherous one glass more. Stay, fa - ther

ad lib.

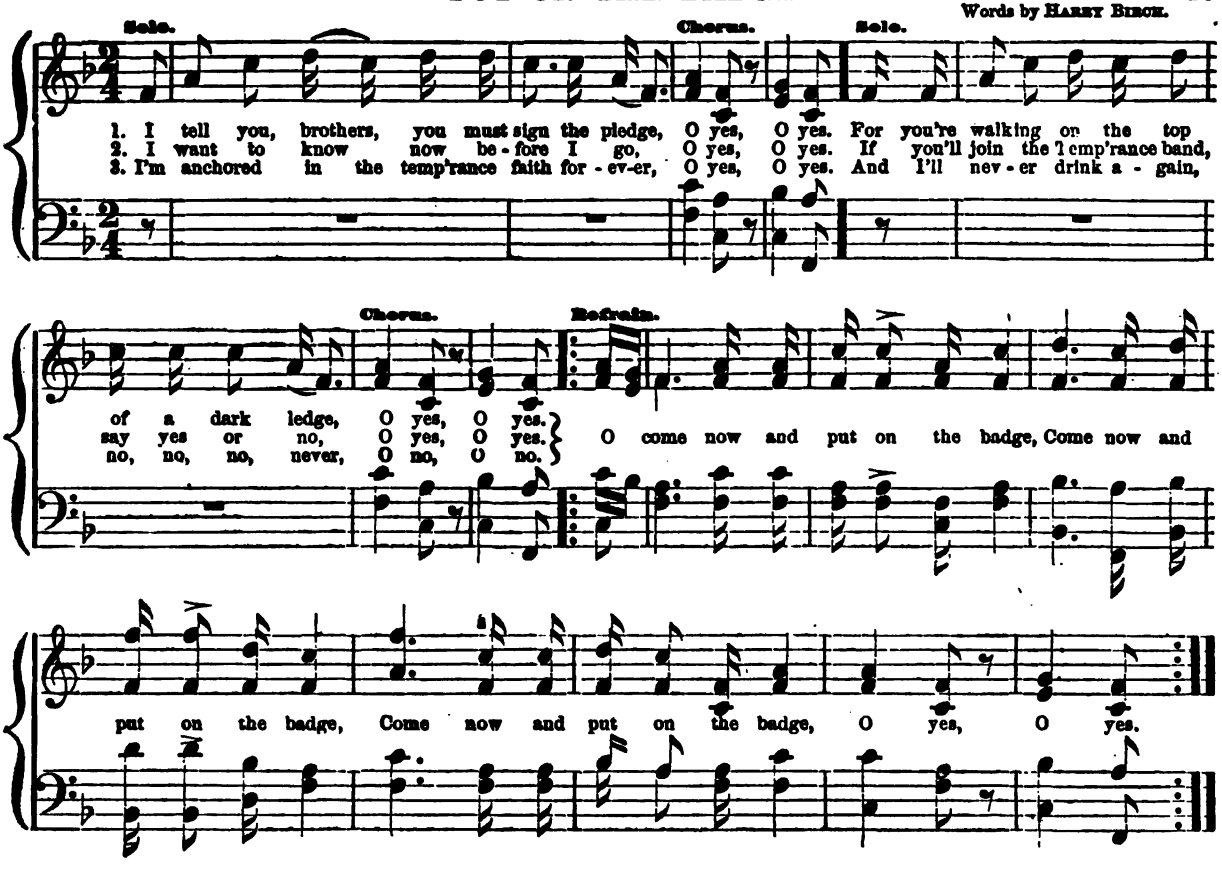
REFRAIN.

stay, don't heedless rush, For in that cup there lurks a curse.

Stay, father stay, don't heedless rush, For in that cup there lurks a curse.

PUT ON THE BADGE.

Words by HARRY BIRCH.



BROTHERS, I THE PLEDGE HAVE TAKEN.

Words by J. F. C. Music by R. F. Raymond.

1. Brothers, I the pledge have ta - ken, Poor and wretch-ed though I be; If by
2. With rap - ture now my heart is beat - ing, Filled with new and strange de - lights; Dark de -
3. Friends, be warned by my ex - am - ple, Shun the tempt- er's fa - tal snare; Else up -

for - mer friends for - sak - en, Yet I feel that I am free. Broken are the cords that bound me, Severed
- spair is now re - treat - ing In - to ev - er - last - ing night. The star of Hope is shin - ing o'er me, Clouds no
- on your heart he'll trample, Leaving you in sad de - spair. Fly, O fly from sin and sor - row, Dash the

FINE.

hab - it's i - ron chain; Brothers now are gath'ring round me, All is fair and bright a - gain.
lon - ger round me play; Sweet the pros - pect now be - fore me, All my cares have passed a - way.
pois - oned bowl a - way; Put not off un - til to - mor - row That which you should do to - day.

D.C.

COLD WATER IS THE DRINK WE LOVE.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Gavitt. L. Marshall.

Allegro moderato.

1. Oh no, we can-not touch the bowl, There's death in ev' - ry sip; It sinks the mind, de-
2. Let oth - ers boast the praise of wine And Al - co - hol so bold, We sing in notes al-
3. A band u - ni - ted now we stand, Of fear - less hearts and true, To drive the poi - son
4. Come join our ranks, all ye who love Your friends, and vir - tue's call; Now with the Wash-ing-

- stroys the soul, It ne'er shall press our lip. Cold wa - ter is the drink we love, Pure
- most di - vine The praise of wa - ter cold. Cold wa - ter is the drink we love, Pure
from our land, And all rum - sel - lers too. Yes, all rum - sell - ers now must give Their
- to - nians move, And ban - ish Al - co - hol. Cold wa - ter is the drink we love, Pure

from the spark - ling stream; This cool - ing draught re - vives our strength, While homes with com - fort gleam.
from the spark - ling stream; This pre-cious gift u - nites our hearts To home, where treas - ures gleam.
barb' - rous traf - fic o'er; We pledge to chase this de - mon foe Far from our na - tive shore.
from the spark - ling stream; This pre-cious gift u - nites our hearts To home, where pleas - ures gleam.

THE CUP OF WOE. (Concert Duet.)

This can be sung by a lady and gentleman, or by two gentlemen.

Written by C. A. White.

Jolly.

(2d voice.) Oh, Mis-sis Johnson's growing mad, She says I'm drunk, and all that's bad; She says my cup is

Accomp.

full of woe, Because she thinks I drink, you know. ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

f

Con 8va.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Hur - rah for Tip and

Con 8va.

Ty - ler too, I'm Yankee Doodle thro' and thro', I'm hap - py as a king, you see, A jol - ly boy I'll

be. ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

dim.

rit.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Andante moderato.

(1st voice.) With feeling.

Broth - - er, oh my

broth - - er, Once lov'd so dear, now not a friend, not one, The

accel. ad lib. 2nd voice.

wife, the last to leave you, Now sleeps in yon-der tomb. Ah, 'tis true,

1st voice. 2nd voice. Oh will you, will you never shun the drunkard's grave?

Laid so low, All is lost! Oh can I, can I ev - er shun the drunkard's grave? That

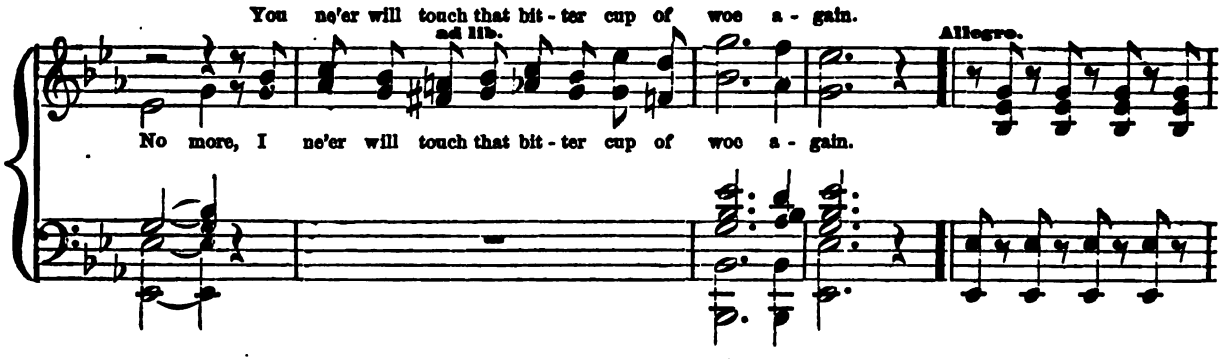
That bit - ter cup of woe, 'Twas that that made me so.

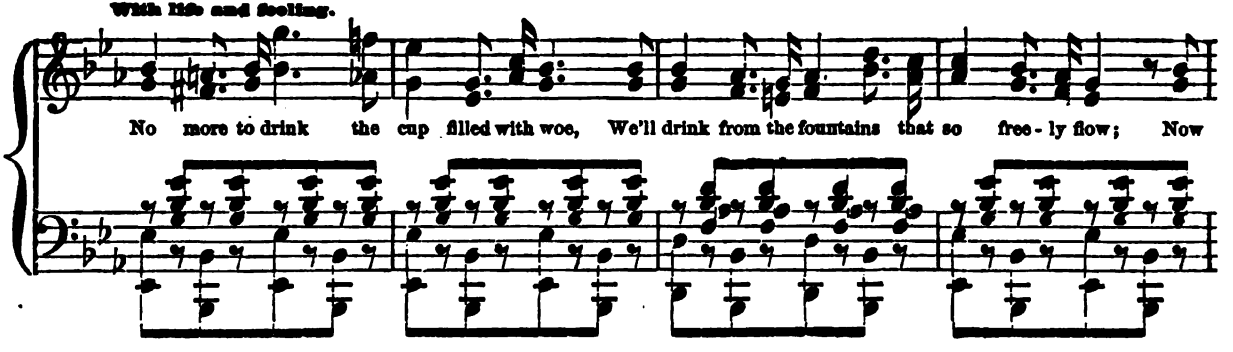
bit - ter, bit - ter cup..... cup of woe, Yes, that has made me so, Yes, that made me so.

Will you nev - - er more drink, you'll drink no more, no more. nev - er more,

rallentando. e cresc.

I will nev - - er more drink, I'll drink no more.... Nev - er, no more,


You ne'er will touch that bit - ter cup of woe a - gain.
ad lib.
Allegro.
No more, I ne'er will touch that bit - ter cup of woe a - gain.


With life and feeling.
No more to drink the cup filled with woe, We'll drink from the fountains that so free - ly flow; Now

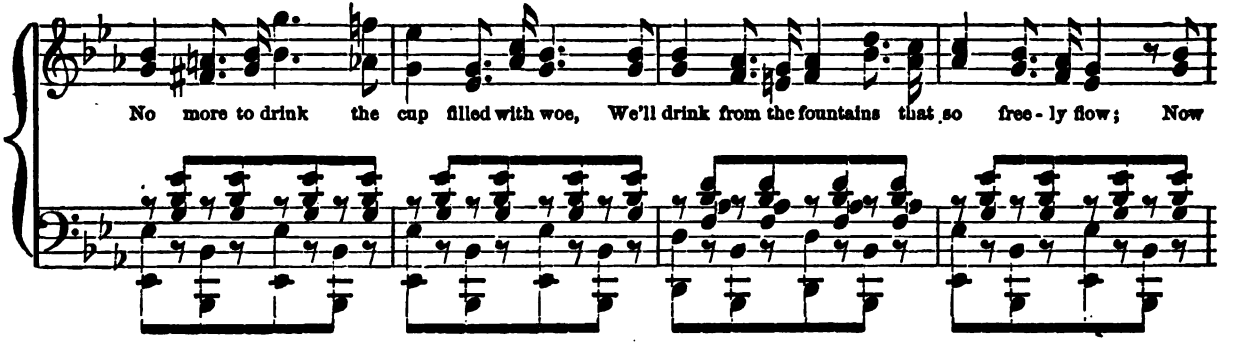
back to our homes to us once so dear, To bring the glad news, their glad hearts to cheer.

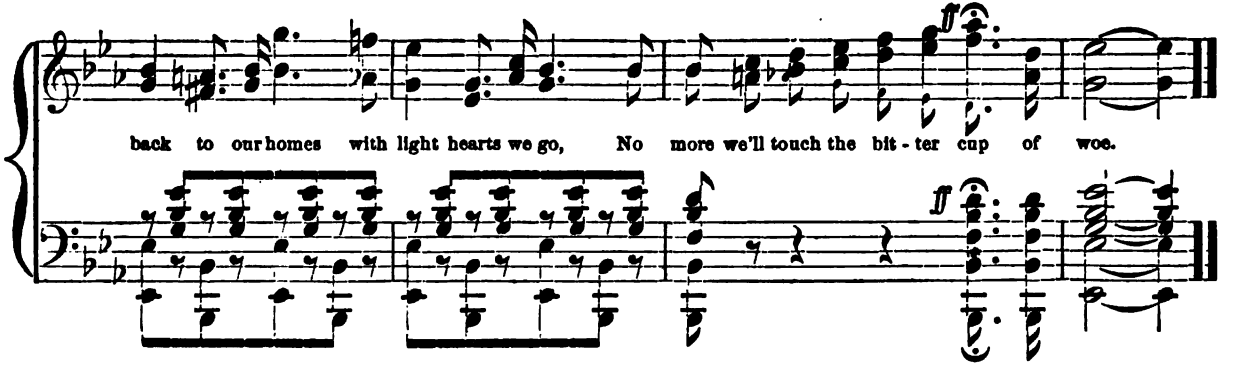
And friends that have wait - ed long for you,

Back to our home, And friends that have wait - ed long for me, To

Your friends now will try to cheer.

hearts once so dear, My friends now will try to cheer.


No more to drink the cup filled with woe, We'll drink from the fountains that so free - ly flow; Now


back to our homes with light hearts we go, No more we'll touch the bit - ter cup of woe.

RALLY, O YE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

Words by Rev. Peebe Hanaford. Music by C. A. White.

1. Ral - ly, oh ye friends of Temp'rance, Ral - ly round our standard fair, God and Christ and ho - ly
2. Heart and hand and voice be giv - en To the cause we hon - or here, Till the homes of earth, like
3. Cheer the sad and lift the fall - en, Lay not mer - cy's bur - den down, For your rest is just be -

angels Will sustain and bless you there.
heaven, Shall be full of love, not fear.
- fore you, There awaits your fade-less crown.

REFRAIN.

Rally, rally, rally, rally, For the voice of Mas - ter calls you

now, Make His paths your no - ble choice, Seal and keep your Temp' - rance vow.

YOU'LL FIND IN THE END IT DON'T PAY. (Motto Song.)

N. B. Sargent.

1. You may drive your fast horse if you please, And live in the ve - ry best style, Smoke the
2. You may dress the most styl - ish and fine, With your gold-headed cane walk the street, Drink the
3. But stand for the right with a will, And bold - ly contend with the wrong; Help the

choic - est ci - gars at your ease, And rev - el in pleasures a - while, Play
ve - ry best bran - dy or wine, And flirt with each lass that you meet; Live
weak with his bur - den up hill, And the wea - ry one, cheer him a - long. Be

billiards from morning till night, Or loaf in the bar - room all day, But
on - ly for self - ish de - light, To be what the world will call gay, But
gen - tle and lov - ing to all, Do some one a kind - ness each day, Lend thy

see if my words are not right, You'll find in the end "it don't pay."
see if my words are not right, You'll find in the end "it don't pay."
aid to the need - y one's call, And you'll find in the end it does pay.

Chorus.

You'll find it don't pay, my boys, To live three years in one; When
3D VERSE. You'll find it does pay, my boys, To be hon - est and temperate too, To

health and wealth and name are gone, And life is but just be - gun.
have a good name and high - er joys, With friends that are kind and true.

BENNY'S TEARS ARE DRIED FOREVER.

Words by George Cooper. Music by C. A. White.

1. No more in sor-row he will wan - der Up - on the cold and drea-ry street, Where
2. That gen - tle voice which plead so fond - ly For fa - ther not to drink a - gain, Still
3. His lit - tle feet are done with rov - ing, The world for him was dark and drear; Oh,

rag - ged, cheerless, and so hun - gry, The driv - ing storms a - round him beat. They
pleads for him in yonder heav - en, Where all are free from want and pain. His
while the snow was fall - ing 'round him, The pi - tying an - gels wandered near! They

found him pale as for - est li - lies, The spark of life had fled a - way, Poor
lit - tle heart was sad and bro - ken, Al - though his days on earth were few, But
bore him up to end - less glad - ness, They heard his faint - ly - ut - tered prayer; Poor

Ben - ny's tears are dried for - ev - er, In sun - ny lands where an - gels stay.
Ben - ny's tears are dried for - ev - er, By an - gel hands so kind and true.
Ben - ny's tears are dried for - ev - er, Where all is lov - ing, kind and fair.

CHORUS.

Poor Benny's tears are dried for - ev - er, On yon - der bright and gold - en shore; Those

cresc.

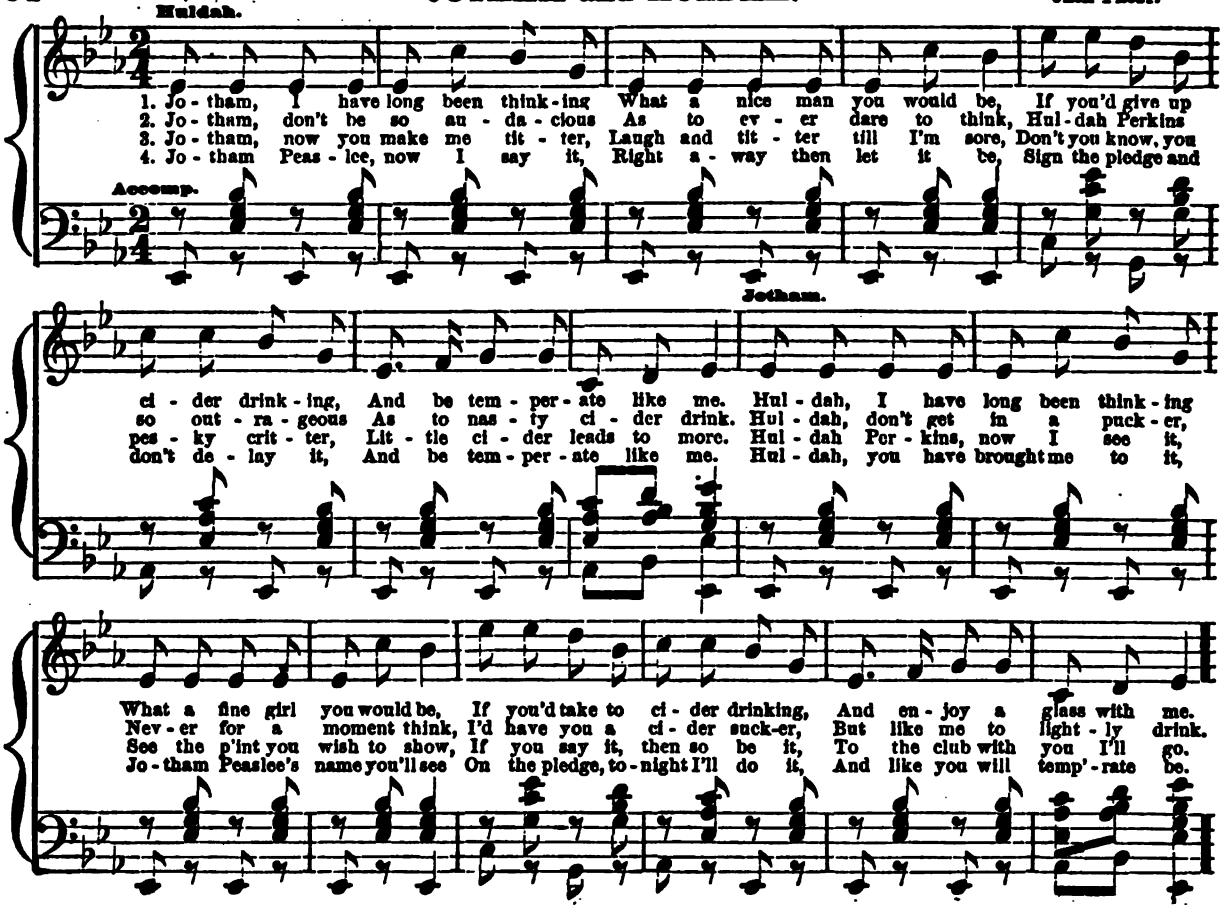
p

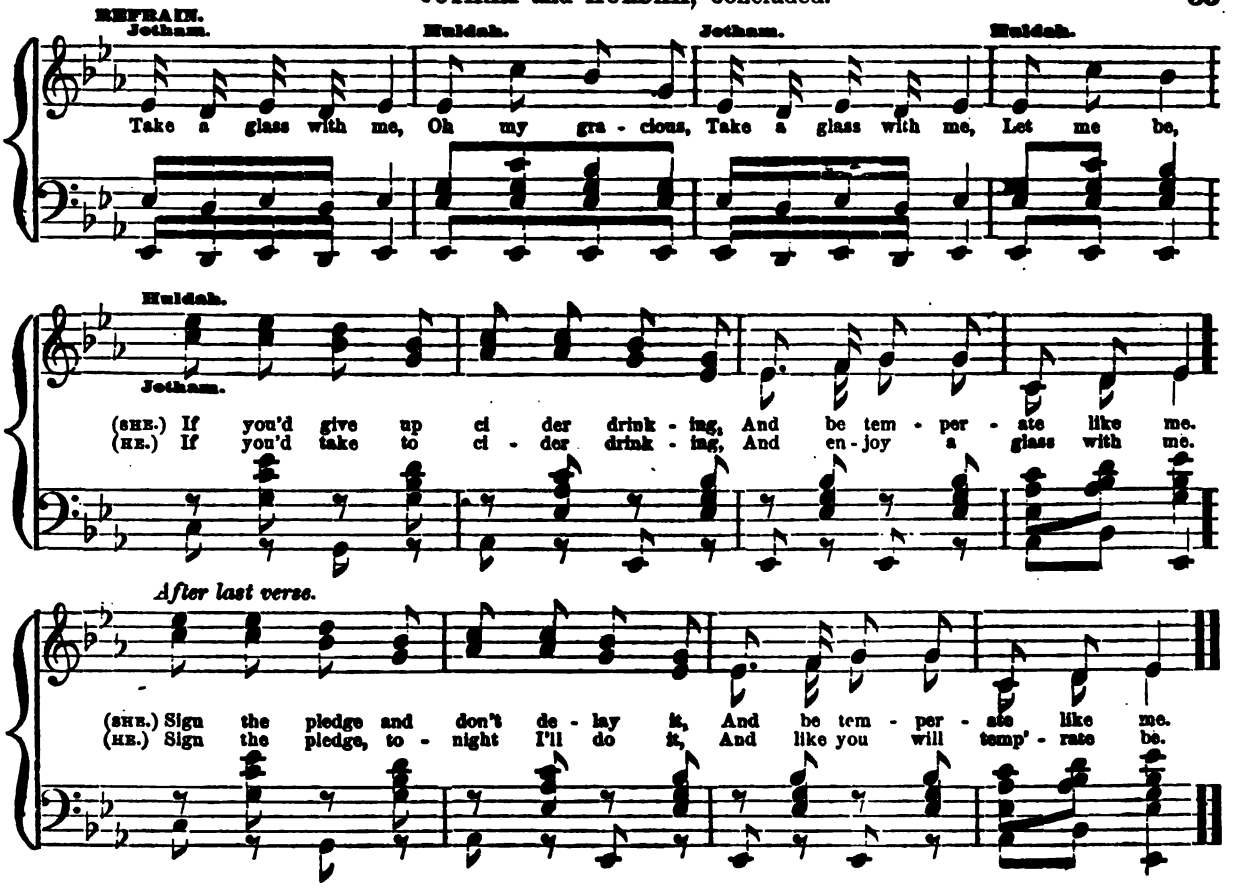
lit - tle hands so cold and help - less, Will lead his fa - ther home no more.

Words, J. F. C.

JOTHAM and HULDAH.

JACK FROST.




REFRAIN.
Jotham.
Huldah.
Jotham.
Huldah.
Take a glass with me, Oh my gra - cious, Take a glass with me, Let me be,
Huldah.
Jotham.
(SHE.) If you'd give up ci der drink - ing, And be tem - per - ate like me.
(HE.) If you'd take to ci - der drink - ing, And en - joy a glass with me.
After last verse.
(SHE.) Sign the pledge and don't de - lay it, And be tem - per - ate like me.
(HE.) Sign the pledge, to - night I'll do it, And like you will temp' - rate be.

YOU'D BETTER LEAVE OFF TO-DAY.

Words by J. F. C.

1. You say, my friend, on New Year's day, You'll sign the Pledge with me; You'll throw your lit - tle brown jug a - way, And a temp'-rance man you'll be. To leave off drinking's your good in - tent, But there's dan - ger in de - lay; Man's
2. Both head and heart will bet - ter be, And pock - et rich - er too, And friends you love will re - joice to see A temp'-rance man in you. The bit - ter tears that have flown for years, Shall all be wiped a - way, And
3. Then wait not for a bet - ter hour, The pres-ent's on - ly thine; A- - rise! be free from the tempt - er's power, And tar - ry not at the wine. Be- - gin a tem-per - ate life to - day, And wis - dom's ways now choose, For

Accomp.

will grows weaker the long-er be-set, You'd bet-ter leave off to-day.
hearts made glad that have long been sad, If you'll on-ly leave off to-day.
life is too dear to be thrown a-way, And Heav-en too fair to lose.

CHORUS.

Health is go-ing, Wealth is flow-ing, Life is glid-ing a-way; Be a man while you can, So
3D VERSE. Take the tem-per-ance vow;

leave off drinking to-day. bet-ter to-day, You'd bet-ter leave off to-day.
3D VS. leave off drinking just now. bet-ter just now, You'd bet-ter leave off just now.

you'd bet-ter, to-day.
just now,

Words, J. F. C.

OUR HOME IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE.

Music by C. A. White.

1. No, our home is not what it used to be, In the cheerful and glad days of old, When the
2. In the old, old days we were blithe and gay, Oh how hap - py were Ja - mie and me! And we
3. Oh our Fa - ther dear who in Heav-en art, Save my Ja - mie for chil-dren and me, While his

ACCOMP.

boys and girls were so hap - py there, And Ja - mie's heart was good as gold. But that
took such delight in our children bright, Not a sor - row - ful hour did we see. Oh,
arm is strong, and his head is clear, And his hon - est heart has love for Thee. For 'tis

home once so cheer - ful has changed for the worse, Since the whiskey jug en - tered the door, And the
when - e - vil came in the shape of strong drink, Then our cares and our troubles be - gun, And the
drink, on - ly drink that does turn him a - way, For it cra - zes and wrecks his poor brain, Oh

sweet peaceful joys of those hap-py days, Have pass'd, I fear to come no more.
heart of my hus-band was ev-er sealed, And down to ru-in then we ran.
turn him from that, bless-ed Lord, I pray, And bright-en up our home a-gain.

Chorus.

No, our home is not what it used to be, For pov-er-ty stands at the door,

And the hap-py days we once did used to see, I fear will nev-er come no more.

WE DRINK TO THEE, BRIGHT WATER.

1. We drink to thee, bright wa - ter, We love thy murm'ring glee, We love thy gurgling laughter, Thy
2. We seek thy springs of crys - tal, To quaff their sparking store; Nor ask the gifts of Bacchus, Which
3. We love thee in thy grandeur, O'er - leap - ing ev - 'ry bar, As crags proclaim thy com - ing, In

CHORUS.

fountains fresh and free.
make our thirst the more.
ech - oes near and far.
Then praise to the bounteous Giv - er, On earth and in Heaven, Who

wa - ter of life from the riv - er, The thirst - y has given.

4 Dash down the poisoned wine-cup,
With blood-red fury filled,
Which myriad brains has maddened,
Which myriad souls has killed. CHO.

5 We'll bless the gracious Saviour,
Who ne'er our prayer disdains;
But gives the cooling water,
To lave the fiery veins. CHO.

Words, J. F. C.

ALL HAIL THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

Music, L. Marshall.

f Allegro.

1. All hail the cause of tem - per - ance, The cause of all mankind! The old, the young, the rich, the poor, May here rich bless - ings find. The soul whom Al - co - hol has bound With all his ma-gic powers, May free it - self, and henceforth walk A path - way strewn with flowers.

2. God gave to us the gush - ing spring, The brook and murm'ring rill; From these we all can quench our thirst, And be his chil - dren still. Not so the slave of Al - co - hol, Who sips from fashion's bowl; Each draught is poi - son, and pol - lutes The bo - dy and the soul.

FRIENDLESS AND SAD.

Words, Elmer Ruan Coates. Music, Eastburn.

1. Friendless and sad I am dreaming, Weeping o'er bliss that has flown; Craving a heart-felt de-
2. Queen of the gra - ce they called me, Lov - ers were pleading to woo; Then came the down-fall of
3. Grief is my on - ly com - pan - ion, Pleasure is now of the past; Shadows are loom-ing be-

- vo - tion, Sigh - ing for moth - er and home. Ma - ny were ten - der and ho - ly,
fa - ther, Drink was the cause, ah! 'tis true. Old as the world is my sto - ry,
- fore me, Shad - ows, I fear, that will last. They who would smile are now frowning,

Temp'rance per - va - ded the air, And sweet peace dwelt with - in our poor cot - tage,
Home-less and sad now I roam, And I'm hun - gry and cold, yes I'm freez - ing,
Turn from me now with a scorn, How I used to think earth was a heav - en,

REFRAIN.

Love was the light of our prayer.
Beg - ging for bread all a - lone.
Now, I say, why was I born?

Oh! for days of yore, Moth - er, love and home;

Friendless and sad I am beg - ging, Beg - ging in sor - row a - lone.

WATER FROM THEE. Tune, "Nearer, my God, to Thee,"

1 Dearer, my God, to me,
Dearer to me,
E'en though it freely flow,
Water from thee.
And all my song shall be,
Water, my God, from thee,
Water, my God, from thee,
Water from thee.

2 Though like a prodigal
I found delight
Once in the sparkling cup,
Feeling its blight,
Now is thy water free
Dearer, my God, to me,
Dearer, my God, to me,
Dearer to me.

3 Long as my life shall last,
Pledged now I be,
God's precious gift to drink,
Sweet, pure and free.
And all my song shall be,
Water, my God, from thee,
Water, my God, from thee,
Water from thee.

John F. Coles.

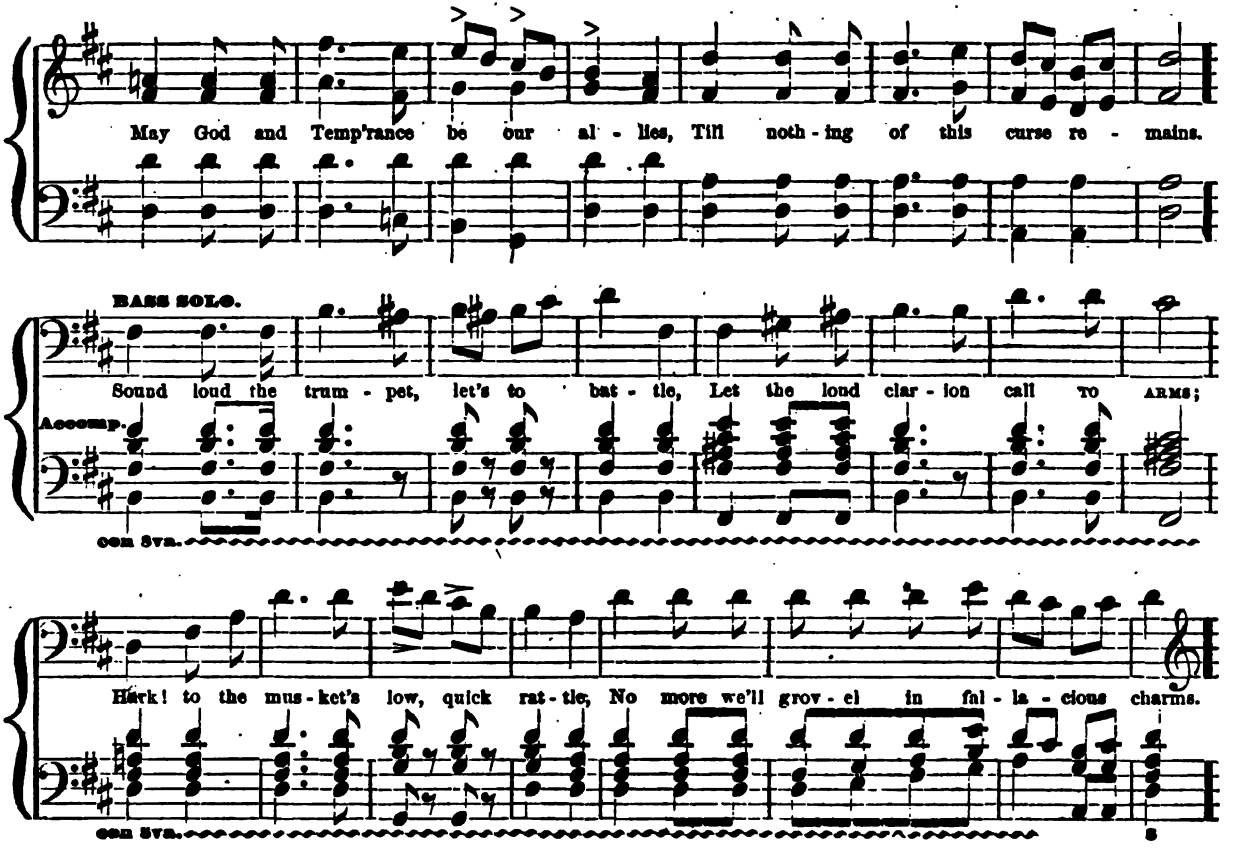
THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

OPENING OR CLOSING QUARTET.

D. O. PRESTON SWEET.

Con marcia.

Then un - furl the glorious Temp'rance Ban-ner,.... Let it wave o'er land and sea!..... Its glo - rious folds fling out, and firm - er Grasp the standard of the free, (of the free.) A- round it Tramp, tramp, ral - ly, free men, ral - ly, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, No more we'll wear rum's gall - ing chains;


May God and Temp'rance be our al - lies, Till noth - ing of this curse re - mains.
BASS SOLO.
Sound loud the trum - pet, let's to bat - tle, Let the loud clar - ion call TO ARMS;
Accomp.
con 8va.
Hark! to the mus - ket's low, quick rat - tle, No more we'll grov - el in fal - la - cious charms.
con 8va.

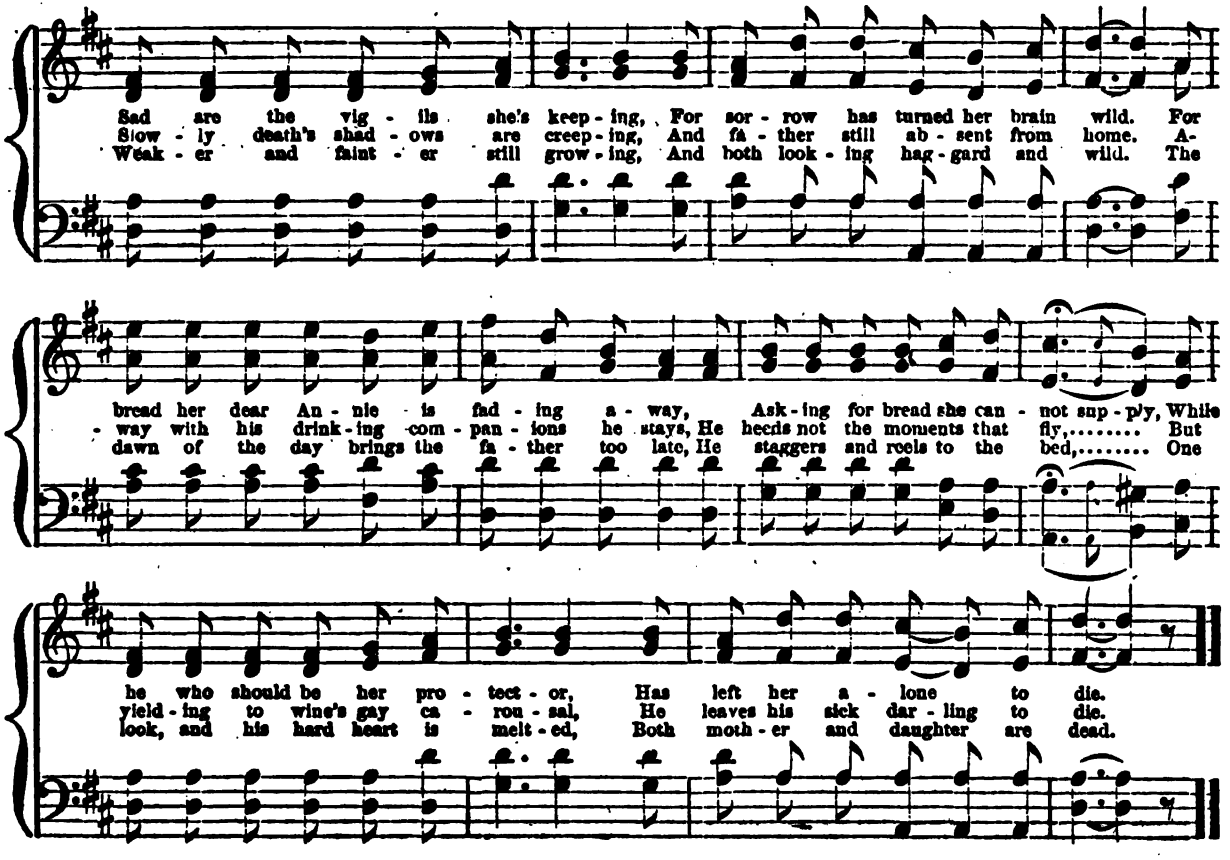
Then un - furl the glorious Temp'rance Ban-ner,.... Let it wave o'er land and sea!..... Its

Voice.

glo - rious folds fling out, and firm - er Grasp the standard of the free, (of the free.) the free.

Words, J. F. C. **"SEE THAT FOND MOTHER WEEPING."** Music, HARRY BIRCH.

1, See that fond moth - er now weep - ing O - ver her poor starv - ing child,
2. Still the fond moth - er stands weep - ing, Pray - ing for suc - cor to come,
3. Hark! to the mid - night bell toll - ing, Moth - er still watch - ing her child,


Sad are the vig - ils she's keep - ing, For sor - row has turned her brain wild. For
Slow - ly death's shad - ows are creep - ing, And fa - ther still ab - sent from home. A-
Weak - er and faint - er still grow - ing, And both look - ing hag - gard and wild. The
bread her dear An - nie is fad - ing a - way, Ask - ing for bread she can - not sup - ply, While
- way with his drink - ing com - pan - ions he stays, He heeds not the moments that fly,..... But
dawn of the day brings the fa - ther too late, He staggers and reels to the bed,..... One
he who should be her pro - tect - or, Has left her a - lone to die.
yield - ing to wine's gay ca - rou - sal, He leaves his sick dar - ling to die.
look, and his hard heart is melt - ed, Both moth - er and daughter are dead.

WHERE THE RIPPLING WATERS FLOW.

Words and music by C. A. White.

1. Come where the rip - pling wa - ters flow, There bloom the lil - ies white as snow,
2. Come to the sha - dy wood - land grove, Where peas - ants meet their cho - sen love;

There sport the Buck and mountain Doe, Where rip - pling wa - ters flow, Yes
There sighs the night breeze soft and low, Where rip - pling wa - ters flow, The

Where the rippling wa ters flow.

Come and sit by the riv - er side, Where the bright spark - ling wa - ters flow,.....
Whip-poor - will now is sing - ing there, Where the bright spark - ling wa - ters flow,.....

There sports the Buck and mountain Doe, Where rip - pling wa - ters flow,.....
Yes to the mead-ows let us go, Where rip - pling wa - ters flow,.....

Oh where the rip pling wa-ters flow,

Yes, come and sit by the riv - er side, Where the bright spark-ling wa - ters flow,.....

come and sit by the riv - er side, Where the spark - ling wa - ters flow,

Where the rippling waters flow,

There sport the Buck and mountain Doe, Where rip - pling wa - ters flow,.....

Where the rippling wa ters flow.

GRAND CHORUS
For Temperance Gatherings.

BROTHERS, COME.

By C. A. White.

The Badge, the badge, so no - ble and true, Put on, put on the Red, White or Blue.

Brothers come, join the band, and for God, truth and right ev - er stand. In this

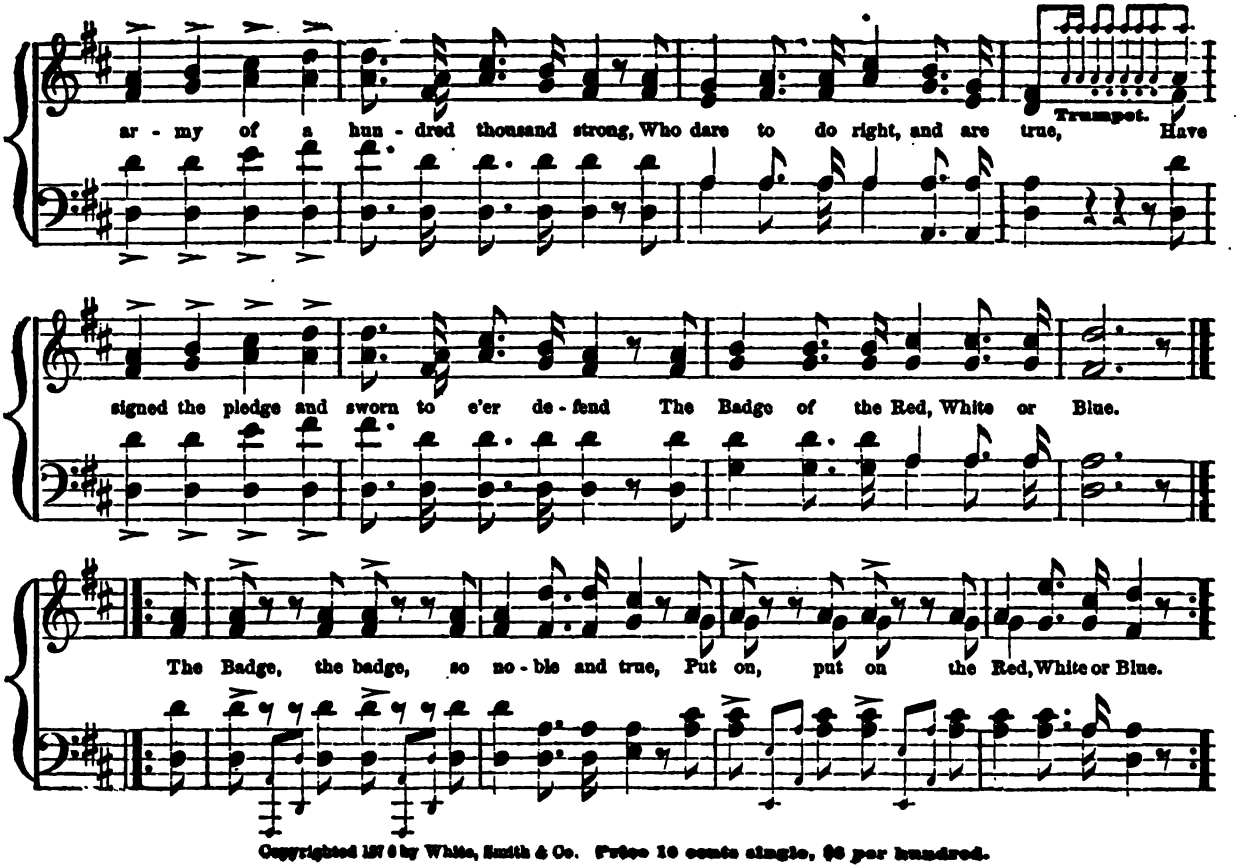
SOLO.

Brothers come, Brothers come, join the band, for God, truth, right now ev - er stand.

strife lend a hand, Now to help drive the curse from the land. An

Trumpet.

In this strife, lend a hand, Now to help drive from the land. An



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Brothers come, Brothers come, oh come and join the Temp'rance band,

Solo.

f Brothers come, brothers come, Brothers come now and join the Temp'rance band, Let us

Let us strive, one and all to save our fel - low man, oh save

strive, one and all, now to save our fel - low man From the

From the curse, from the curse that doth in - fest our land, our land.

curse, from the curse, that in-fests now our proud and no - ble land. Brothers

Brothers come, Brothers come now and join the Temp'rance band, our band.

come, brothers come, now and join the Temp'- rance band.

The Badge, the badge, so no - ble and true, Put on, put on the Red, White or Blue.

ff

Put on the Badge, so no - ble and true, Put on the Badge, be it Red, White or Blue.

ff

LITTLE FEET AMONG THE GRASSES.

L. Marshall.

Allegro. Unison.

1. Lit - tle feet a mong the grass - es, Walk with cau - tion, step with care; There are ser - pents
2. Lit - tle hands a - mong the ro - ses, Do not gath - er quite so fast; There are cru - el
3. So the spot - ted cards will tempt you, And the sparkling wine will lure; But the thorn is

lurk - ing un - der, They will pierce you un - a - ware. Lurk - ing, wait - ing in the grass - es,
thorns in - hid - ing, They will pierce you at the last. When at length the with - ered ro - ses
there, re - mem - ber, And the ser - pent lurks, be sure. Cards may call and wine may glis - ten,

Ev - 'ry care - less foot that pass - es, They will sting and poi - son there, They will sting and poi - son there.
All the cru - el thorns dis - clo - ses, Lit - tle hands will shrink a - ghast, Lit - tle hands will shrink a - ghast.
Turn a - way and do not lis - ten; They are rot - ten and im - pure, They are rot - ten and im - pure.

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